

Substitute B 287

Chapter 287: Biting His Finger

Hayden Crawford looked at her clear eyes, "You still want me to help that Conner Wright?"

"It's not about helping Conner Wright, this is a vicious competition, someone beat Conner Wright up, and Conner Wright is our captain. I need to get the surveillance footage..."

"So what?" Hayden Crawford interrupted her.

Serena looked at him, "What?"

Hayden Crawford leaned his rigid back lazily against the backseat, his handsome eyebrows full of the indifferent coldness of a businessman, "What you said, what does it have to do with me?"

"..."

"It's your own mess to deal with, why should I help you straighten it out, Serena? I'm not interested in what you just said. If you're smart enough, while I still have the patience to give you time, you should say something more... appropriate for someone asking for help."

The heat in Serena's head cooled down halfway. Yeah, why should he help her; now he's just a businessman, no longer her Mr. Crawford.

Serena clenched her delicate white fingers, her clear eyes meeting his gaze, "What do you want, what would make you agree to help me? Mr. Crawford, since you've stopped the car, it's surely because I might be of some benefit to you."

Hayden Crawford furrowed his sharp brows, grasped her soft waist forcefully, her waist so slender as if he wished to snap it.

"Is this how you ask for help? How do you know I'll fall for this? Many want my help, yet you can't wait to exploit my power without even legitimately being in my bed yet. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crawford, do you really see me as your boss?"

Serena's face turned pale, she always knew of his eloquence, that if he wanted to humiliate someone, he wouldn't need to tear faces, just a few words could skin someone alive.

He always thought she wanted to climb up through him, that she was never a good girl.

It was wasting time here, better to quickly return to the basketball court, the second half was about to begin.

"Forget it then, I'll figure out something myself. Mr. Crawford, sorry for disturbing you." Serena climbed off his firm thigh with all her limbs.

Hayden Crawford's eyes darkened, his handsome face clouded as if about to drip water. His greatest pride was his self-control; no one had ever affected his emotions.

But she did, she easily sparked his anger.

Hayden Crawford's muscular arm encircled her soft waist and pulled her back directly, "Serena, are you playing with me, who said you could come and go as you please?"

Serena's slender body crashed into his robust chest, like hitting a wall. She winced in pain, pressing against him with her little hands, trying to push him away, "What are you doing, let go of me!"

Hayden Crawford didn't budge, watching her struggle like a little kitten in his arms. He pinched her delicate chin with his long fingers, forcing her to meet his gaze, "In your eyes, what am I, huh? Tease me when you're in a good mood, and when I fall for it, you give me a cold shoulder, nobody dares treat me like this. Today I'll give you a good lesson!"

Finishing, he lowered his head and kissed her rosy lips harshly.

Serena's clear eyes contracted sharply. She didn't expect him to kiss her; his kiss was rough, as if intentionally trying to hurt her.

Serena clenched her fist, pushing him away with force, her teeth tightly shut, refusing to open her mouth, struggling with all her might, unwilling to let him kiss her.

Hayden Crawford held her in his arms, but her body wriggled like a water snake, making him feel this wasn't punishing her, but punishing himself.

His narrow eyes tinted with a hint of sensual red, seeing her refusal to open her mouth, he reached to pinch her cheek, making it puff up, roughly threatening, "Open your mouth!"

Absolutely not!

Serena widened her clear eyes, angrily glaring at him.

Hayden Crawford didn't close his eyes either, looking at the girl's vivid, captivating eyes due to anger, clearly not threatening, like a milk-fierce little wildcat, instead making him want to bully her more.

"Why won't you let me kiss you, has someone else kissed you, James Sawyer, or that Conner Wright?"
Hayden Crawford's thumb pressed hard against her rosy lips.

Serena was really angry now, Mr. Crawford three months later was no longer the Mr. Crawford in her memory. How could he be so bad?

Serena opened her mouth, biting down on his index finger.

Hiss.

Hayden Crawford winced in pain, she really bit him hard, drawing blood from his finger.

Yet this ignited his blood running wild; if it continued, he wouldn't be able to control himself. His Adam's apple bobbed twice, he hoarsely said, "Roll off my lap, out of my car!"

Serena promptly released his finger, tumbling and crawling out as fast as she could, pulling open the rear car door and running.

She left!

Hayden Crawford looked down at his index finger, now marked with little bloody teeth prints from her bite!

Unexpectedly, she was quite fierce.

Hayden Crawford raised his hand to cover his crimson eyes, his entire being showing a bit of dissolute decadence, extraordinarily sexy.

Just then a melodious phone ringtone sounded, it was from his psychiatrist Dr. Kane.

Hayden Crawford pressed the button to answer, his deep voice mingled with hoarseness, "Hello."

"Mr. Crawford, do you have time recently? We need to proceed with the next round of psychological treatment, which benefits your physical recovery." Dr. Kane's voice came.

Hayden Crawford lowered his handsome eyelids, "No need, I'm already cured."

"Cured?"

"I've met a girl, seeing her for the first time I had a wet dream. Now every time I see her, it's like I've taken an aphrodisiac, my mind full of things about her, you say am I cured or not?"

Before Dr. Kane could respond, Hayden Crawford ended the call directly.

...

Serena composed herself and returned to the basketball court where both T University and A University were waiting.

Tiana Ford quickly ran over, "Serena, how did it go? Did you find Mr. Crawford and get the surveillance footage?"

Anabelle Rathborne looked at Serena, curling her red lips, "I guess... you didn't get it, right? Brother Hayden wouldn't give you the video."

William Alden and others quickly chimed in,

Serena, who do you think you are? You think just because you ask, Mr. Crawford will give you the footage; you overestimate yourself.

Serena, you must have come back empty-handed. No worries, this isn't embarrassing; we won't laugh at you, hahahaha.

You guys at A University should forfeit quickly, that way you can lose with a bit of dignity. The champion is always T University!